11630. c. 13
9

GENIUS AND FANCY;

OR,

DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

BY A LADY.

K

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS, NO. 20, PATER-NOSTER-ROW;

AND

J. GRAY, GLASHOUSE STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE.

(By the ſame AUTHOR)

In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be Publiſhed,

THE FLOOD,

An IRISH TALE.

With POEMS on ſeveral Subjects.

Nov: 29/91

Sir

when I sent you Dramatic Sketches, and required no emolument from the Publication - I did not imagine you would have exposd the Manuscript - which I think was rather betraying the trust I reposd in you - However, I must acknowledge myself greatly obligated to the Gentleman for his remarks, some of which I have profited by - I am highly flatterd that with all its errors he owns he receivd entertainment in perusing it - I hope when in print, numbers will do the same, and that the Critics will think it too trivial an object to throw their darts at - surely they will let it live its hour unmolested I do not wish to lengthen it - at present, I think it cannot tire the reader, who I had much rather should wish for more than be surfeited - the reason why I only mention Murphy, Sheridan & Burgoyne, is because their not writing is a real loss to all lovers of the Drama - and let me ask my friendly Critic, if Thalia was to mention all that for some time past have wrote, must she not drop the Panegeric, or forfeit the Character I have given her? As I am under a promise to publish this little piece immediately, to oblige many very Respectable Friends - I throw myself on his mercy - and entreat he will let the Town judge for it self, and not prejudice it

against my Sketches - and remember they are not presented to the public as finish'd portraits - therefore

'To lacerate writing like mine with his pen
Would be charging a Cannon to tear - a poor Wren'

nothing can be more applicable than these expressive lines of D'Isasguirre to whose beautiful Children of Thespis, my Dramatic Sketches are as inferior as a taper to the Sun - yet as they are fashionable I sincerely hope you will find your account in the publication, and be amply repaid for every attention you pay either now or hereafter to the productions of Sir

Your humble Lt

11:7:49 Unknown

TO THOSE,

WHOSE DRAMATIC EXCELLENCE

SUGGESTED THE FOLLOWING

LITTLE POEM,

IT IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR SINCERE

ADMIRER,

THE AUTHOR.

GENIUS AND FANCY;

OR,

DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

RECLIN'D on the ſide of the *Ever-green hill,
As Genius was penſively biting her quill;
She beheld on the ſummit gay Fancy diſporting,
Whoſe aid the poor Bards are inceſſantly courting:
Genius beg'd ſhe'd deſcend and aſſiſt her to write,
For what Fancy dictates is ſure to delight;
That without her in vain for a theme ſhe had toil'd:
Fancy heard, and well pleas'd with the compliment, ſmil'd,
Then wav'd her light wings, ſhedding odours around,
And down ſwiftly glided till Genius ſhe found;
Who enraptur'd beheld the fair Nymph at her ſide,
For Genius and Fancy ſhould never divide.

* Parnaſſus.

" Tell

" Tell me why, lovely friend, you've ſo long been away,
What gay ſcenes have detain'd you, with whom did you ſtay?"

" In the groves of Parnaſſus dear Genius I ſtray'd,
Where each Muſe to divert me her talents diſplay'd:
They *all* have their *charms*, but *Thalia* the *moſt*,
Such *variety* which of the Siſters can boaſt!
Like the ſun when he riſes to welcome the May,
She diſpels gloomy ſhades and enlivens the day:
In her form all the beauties of ſymmetry join,
And her features expreſs animation divine:
Her treſſes that art ne'er attempted to bind,
Wave looſe o'er her boſom with flowers entwin'd,
That ſeem with the beautiful ringlets to grow,
So ſweet is their fragrance, ſo vivid their glow.

The Graces adorn her with faſhions quite new,
When they put on her mantle of changeable hue,
While beneath the light folds wanton Zephyrus' ſtealing,
Slyly fans it aſide, ſome new beauty revealing.

To *her* all the turns of *true humour* belong;
In *Satires'* clear glaſs ſhe diſcerns *right* from *wrong*;
She gives to Morality poliſh and eaſe,
Makes Virtue alluring, and Sentiment pleaſe:
The gay Sallies of wit, by *her* ſenſe are corrected,
What *delights* is *preſerv'd*, what *corrupts* is *rejected*:
Jocund Mirth with his farſical jeſt oft' diverts her,
But Buffoonry ſhocks, and Vulgarity hurts her.

While at *diſtance dull* mortals her favours implore,
On my bright ſilver wings to her *preſence I* ſoar,
There bleſt in her converſe, I gaze and admire,
Attend her inſtructions, her graces acquire.

This lively Enchantreſs complain'd to Apollo,
That his ſons were too idle her dictates to follow.
There's MURPHY (ſhe ſaid) once my pride and delight,
In ſupport of *Thalia* refuſes to write.
By him poor *Melpomene* too is neglected,
How long by us both was he lov'd and protected!
Bid the Truant return once again to his bowers,
Where the *cypreſs* is freſh, and ſtill blooming the *flowers*.

Then

Then, what has extinguiſh'd my SHERIDAN's fire!
Whom the ſpirit of Congreve once ſeem'd to inſpire?
Rejoicing, I triumph'd, ſuch talents to ſee,
When ungrateful he flies, and turns rebel to me.
Why devote all his time to political rage?
And adorning the Senate, impov'riſh the Stage!

Some *others* to idleneſs too much incline;
Can you tell me bright Phœbus why *ſlumbers* BURGOYNE?
I beg you'll aſſemble them all to your court,
And make them the rights of Thalia ſupport."

The God to fulfil her deſires conſented,
When Fame to Thalia a parchment preſented.

" O Fancy (ſhe ſaid, as the ſcroll ſhe unfurl'd)
Fame has brought me a Liſt from the Dramatic World.
'Tis the names of all thoſe who acknowledge *my reign*,
Firſt—whom does my kingdom of Drury retain?

Form'd to move in the elegant ſphere of high life,
Here's my FARREN, for either maid, widow, or wife;

For

For *tragedy* ſcenes the fair nymph is too gay,
Yet Melpomene once ſtrove to draw her away;
And to pique me, oft forc'd her the buſkin to wear,
Though ſhe knew comic ſmiles in her face would appear.
But the Muſe was ſo lucky a SIDDONS to find,
And all further claim to *my* FARREN reſign'd.

Then JORDAN, the whimſical, lively, and ſmart,
With humour unbounded attracts ev'ry heart;
Unaffected and playful ſhe trips o'er the ſtage,
And her charms ever-new admiration engage.

Next beautiful CROUCH—how correct is her mien!
Around her ſoft feminine graces are ſeen:
She *ſpeaks* with propriety, judgement, and eaſe,
And her *ſong*, e'en the God of Parnaſſus can pleaſe.

Here's my darling STORACE, all frolic and gay,
Whoſe preſence can baniſh dull care far away;
By harmony nurſt on Italia's warm plains,
She *there* learnt to breathe her mellifluous ſtrains.

And KELLY too, bred in that muſical clime,
Is perfectly ſkill'd in the ſcience ſublime.
Then, the arch little BLAND, who enchants with her ſong,
While Timidity's charms to mild HAGLEY belong.
SEDGWICK, DIGNUM, and WILLIAMS, their powers combine,
And add ample ſtrength to the harmonic line.

Here's my HOPKINS, who often excites peals of laughter,
And gracing her ſide modeſt KEMBLE her daughter;
Whoſe huſband Melpomene's favourite ſon,
Oft to revel in my gayer ſcenes I have won:
For KEMBLE, dear Fancy, with judgement and wit,
Can poliſh the Dramas my ancient Bards writ;
He rubs off with care what defiles the pure gold,
That Taſte may delighted their beauties behold.

For talents unrival'd I glory in KING,
What crouds his Sir Peter and Ogleby bring!
Next PARSONS and POPE, two *great favourites* I ſee,
Who are *excellent both*, and *true ſubjects* to *me*.
With features ſo pretty, and perſon ſo neat;
For the ſmart petit-maître ſure DODD is compleat.

And

And here's lovely GOODALL, that elegant *double*,*
Whom the candid reward with applauſe for her trouble.
With what joy I receiv'd truant PALMER again,
Tho' attach'd to my ſiſter, he *graces my train.*
This *Deſerter*, once join'd with the pantomime throng,
And we both much lamented to loſe him ſo long.

His *Brother* too ſtrives all his worth to inherit,
And with pleaſure I ſee him increaſing in merit.
Vaſt improvement in BARRYMORE too I diſcover,
Who plays with refinement the Friend and the Lover.
I am honor'd by WROUGHTON'S reſpectable name,
And what praiſe and eſteem may young BANNISTER claim!†
WARD, well can expreſs high reſentment and rage,
Soft POWELL the ſtorm of rude paſſion aſſwage.
To AICKIN, paternal affection I truſt,
Like BENSLEY, to ſenſe and propriety juſt.
With his grim-looking viſage my BADDELEY's here,
And his *Canton, ſly Jew, and proud Baron* appear!

For

* Mrs. Goodall play'd for Miſs Farren, Mrs Crouch, and Mrs. Jordan, in the courſe of laſt Seaſon.

† The Father of this Excellent Comedian, and truly amiable Man, was not re-engaged till after this Poem was ſent to the Preſs, which the Author hopes will be a ſufficient excuſe for not naming him among the Vocal Performers.

For true worth's repreſentative PACKER I find,
Who wears the original ſtamp'd on his mind.
Then here's MOODY—was long-approv'd MOODY to leave me,
Indeed deareſt Fancy 'twould very much grieve me.
SUETT, WALDRON, and BURTON, a humourous group,
With *many* of merit compleat the gay troop.

In my other large kingdom appear ſide by ſide,
POPE, HOLMAN, and ESTEN, Melpomene's pride;
They gracefully move under her ſable banners,
Yet aſſiſt *me* ſometimes juſt to ſhew their *good manners.*
Here's my LEWIS! who oft with a face full of woe,
Has touch'd the ſoft boſom and made the tears flow;
My ſiſter believ'd the grave youth was her own,
And indeed for a time he prefer'd *her* alone:
'Till weary of tragical ſighing and dying,
He found he lov'd laughing much better than crying;
And revolted to *me*—I was proud to obtain him,
And he's now grown ſo wild I can hardly reſtrain him.
Next, his beautiful WIFE, who ſo ſeldom appears,
That her powers ſeem check'd by her feminine fears.

He

He lets the world ſee her to ſhew how he's bleſt,
For peace, love, and virtue, reſide in her breaſt.
I regard buſy MATTOCKS—there cannot be found
A being more valiant on Dramatic ground:
Affectation, vulgarity, flippancy, rage,
This ſucceſsful Heroine can fearleſs engage.
To *impreſs* tender ſentiments MERRY excells;
And to portray ſimplicity, beautiful WELLS.
Tho' AICKIN and FARREN for buſkins were born,
I often entice them my ſcenes to adorn.
Grave HARLEY too joins with theſe wav'ring friends,
But MUNDEN and QUICK make me ample amends.
Theſe men are poſſeſs'd of ſuch vaſt Comic ſkill,
They make Wiſdom and Gravity laugh when they will.
Nor are WILSON and FAWCET deficient in ſpirit;
And in parts of low humour the ROCKS have great merit.
With a face prepoſſeſſing, fine form, and good voice,
In CHAPMAN, I've ſurely ſome cauſe to rejoice.
But for rural coquetry, what village-bred laſs
Can that ſoul-chearing ſongſtreſs blyth MARTYR ſurpaſs?
With her jocund BLANCHARD can hail the new May,
And vie with the ſhepherds in ruſtical lay:
But what creature this rude little plow-boy can know,
When aſſuming the airs, and the dreſs of a beau.

Gentle MOUNTAIN's ſoft ſonnets attention will bind,
For meekneſs and modeſty beam from her mind.

While DARLEY, the *Farmer*, boaſts *lineal worth*,
How it ſhines in his ſong and eclipſes *high birth!*
Here's my JOHNSTONE and INCLEDON! ſpleen flies before them,
And the lovers of melody almoſt adore them.
CUBITT, DAVIES, and others, oft pleaſe with their ſong;
And for BILLINGTON's wreath *female candidates* throng;
Like the apple of gold 'twas the mark of contention,
Each threw in her claim, and ſet forth her pretenſion.
To decide between *three* was too much for young Paris,
How more than that number muſt puzzle poor HARRIS!
He left the hard cauſe to the public deciſion,
Who applauded his candor, and judg'd with preciſion.
Still with fond expectation each view'd the rich prize,
As it hung up aloft, how it dazzled their eyes!
But BILLINGTON's ſtrains once more thrill thro' the ear,
And ſteal from the ſoul Senſibility's tear.
Phœbus bids her reſume the bright circlet again,
And unrival'd the true Queen of Harmony reign.
To WEBB no uneaſineſs this will create,
Tho' her ſinging is uſeful and humour is great;
Her and PITT for my comic old matrons I love,
Such Duenna's and Nurſes ſure all muſt approve.

Behold

Behold vet'ran HULL—he's a man I revere,
For my Shakeſpear's good Adam I know not his peer.
And MARSHALL to favor will rapidly riſe,
A ſubject ſo loyal I've reaſon to prize.
The POWELS, and others, remain on the liſt,
Who deſerting their ſtations would greatly be miſs'd."

"Thalia, ſaid I, you have quite forgot one,
Pray where is your favourite ABINGTON gone?"

"Fatigu'd with the cares of my court for awhile,
She's return'd to Parnaſſus her time to beguile;
And reſides here with me, for we ſeldom can part,
She's my own by adoption, and twines round my heart:
Nature form'd her for me, and exulting ſaid, "Take her,
Your inſtructions a ſecond Thalia will make her,"
I preſs'd my lov'd charge to my boſom with pleaſure,
Thank'd the Goddeſs, enraptur'd, and brought home my treaſure,

To improve and adorn her was all my delight,
I wove her a garland and cloath'd her in white;
My air, voice, and actions, ſhe preſently caught,
And the excellent mimic was eaſily taught.
So correct are her manners they want no reſtriction,
For her love and obedience exceeds all deſcription.
From her youth to this moment the dutiful creature,
Tho' adopted by *me* never *once forgot Nature.*

Her

Her perfections with joy I behold in their prime,
Unimpair'd by the ravaging power of Time,
Who bows as he paſſes, ſuppoſing her free,
For deceiv'd by the *likeneſs* he takes her for me.
That *likeneſs* with *pride* to the world I will own,
And again make myſelf in my ABINGTON known.
When ſhe leaves me, the Graces with pleaſure attend her,
And Minerva herſelf, will from Envy defend her;
Whoſe Ægis repelling each venom-fraught dart,
They ſwiftly recoil on the hag's ranc'rous heart."

"Juſt then, you invok'd me, and ſmiling ſhe ſaid,
"I think I hear Genius imploring your aid."
Go, go my dear Fancy, I'm pleas'd when you meet,
Unreſerv'd all you hear on Parnaſſus repeat.
Tell Genius this liſt to her hands I conſign,
With their names let their comic abilities join."
"Again you invok'd me, delighted I came,
Let us finiſh the Scroll, then return it to Fame."

11 : 7 : 49